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WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL RIVERS
FLOW.

BY REV. P. C. RYAN.

Oh, I'll sing to-night of a fairy land, in the lap of the ocean set,
And of all the lands I've travelled o'er, 'tis the loveliest I have met;
Where the willows weep, and the roses sleep, and the balmy breezes blow,
In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But oh, alas! how can I sing—'tis an exile breathes the strain,
And that dear old land of my youthful love I may never see again;
And the very joys that fill my breast must ever change to woe
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But I'll sing of the lonely old churchyards where our fathers' bones are hid—
Where the cloisters stand, those ruins grand that our tyrant foes have made;
And I'll strike the harp with a mournful touch, till the glistening tears will show
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Emmet's lonely fate, and of his lonely grave—
Of his early doom, and his youthful bloom, and his spirit more than brave;
And ah! how blest and calm his rest, tho' his grave be cold and low,
In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Tone and the Geraldine, proud Edward true and blest—
They won the crown—the martyr's crown—and they sleep in shade and rest;
In heavenly mould their names are rolled—they died in manhood's glow,
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Ireland's ancient days, when her sires were kingly men,
Who led the chase, and the manly race, thro' forest, field and glen;
Whose only word was the shining sword—whose pen, the patriot's blow,
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

"KILSHEELAN"

OR,

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay."

—BYRON.—*The Giaour.*

CHAPTER III.

THE VILLAGE.

"Victory number one!" Mr. Sackwell was happier that day than he had been for many a long time, if prosperous hatred brings happiness. He heard the bay of the fox-hounds, saw the scarlet-coated horsemen, saw the old castle of Kilsheelan among its wide body-guard of woods, no longer with an agonizing heart. He looked into the near future and saw all their pride humbled, all their glory gone, and in their place a king who should be feared, if he was also hated—Albin Artslade of Ashenfield.

This man had the genius of success, but an evil genius.

Like most other great men, Mr. Langton, the violet, sometimes stooped to such relaxations as crossed the path of his laborious life. On the evening of the day we have been writing about, after setting to rights each particular hair or his head, and satisfying himself in the glass from every point in the compass (and a great many more) that, if poor human nature was imperfect, there was one case at least where the imperfection was not worth noticing—after soothing his feelings out of his master's brandy-bottle, and kicking the cat for pure humanity, it did occur to Mr. Langton that both he and the outer world would be all the better for it if he strolled down to Kilsheelan.

Though Mr. Langton had an intelligent horror of the Irish climate, few would have taken him for the martyr he was, as he lolled along jauntily under the leafy trees of the avenue, enjoying the sweet evening air with unusual relish.